
Title: Blade of the Balron

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Many nights ago the ancient wizard Aderick Volten came to the Holy Disciples of the Darkness with a plea for help. He needed us to help him in his quest for eternal life. Immortality without undeath. He claimed he knew a spell he had researched over his long lifetime that would give him that immortality he so desired.

We agreed to his request to help him, after he named an ambiguous, but tempting, price. He then told us the first component of his spell... The sword of a Balron. This was a daunting task, but it was accepted. Then the old man added a stipulation. Though we could enter by magical means, we wouldn't be able to leave through similar routes. The magic of the spells would taint his work and make it all for naught. The old man left and bade us return it within a set period of time.

We spent many nights of aborted missions and planning before we finally gathered the troops we needed to descend into the bowels of Hythloth and retrieve the sword. Many descended into the depths to retrieve it. Navrip, the Dark General of the Holy Disciples led the

excursion, along with Mara
Jade of H^AD,
Dreamweaver, Bestial
Warlust, Anwar, Selie, and
Rune Artisem of OES,
and Merlin of CIN.

The party gated into the
infernal pit and found
themselves face to face
with a horrible Lord of
the Abyss. Time was
short and the party
quickly headed to safer
ground to plan their
attack. Hordes of lesser
monsters protected the
beast. It was decided
that these should be slain
from afar by Meteor
Swarms tossed by the
skilled hands of Merlin
and Rune. After some
time, a clear path was
made to the Lord, who
had suffered some minor
damage from the previous
meteor swarms.

As one, the party
entered the dwelling of
the Lord and did battle
with it. Several fell, as
even a wounded balron is
a creature able to kill
many ordinary men.
Luckily, few, if any, of
those gathered were
human. Some were undead,
others drow, one even a
machine. Finally, the
balron was felled and
Navrip pried the magical
broadsword it carried
from its dead hand.

"I have the sword,"
Navrip declared. "Let us
leave this place!" The
weary band, many of
whom were aided in
regaining corporeal form
through the spells of
their allies, agreed
heartily.

Just then, a loud cry
came from behind them.

"Yuu kill Bloodgud! We clump yuu!" a horrid orcish lord proclaimed. All ready weary from fighting, the force turned to the new threat. The orcs put up a good fight, but they were soon felled.

"Quick," Navrip said as he tended to a wound. "We must get to the exit before another balron comes to investi-"

"So, puny mortals, you are those who killed my brother? Well, you shall now pay!" a booming voice rang out. As one, the band turned to see a huge Slayer standing before them, blood dripping down its unholy blade.

"Retreat!" Navrip ordered.

"Run!" someone else shouted. The party turned tail and ran, knowing that the new balron would be too much for them. The creature laughed and lazily followed behind his prey, picking them off one by one. A few managed to escape to an upper layer, but Navrip, who was holding the sword, fell.

Luckily, the mages survived, perhaps because they weren't burdened down by the heavier armor of the fighters. Rune and Merlin set about ressurecting the fallen. "We must retrieve the sword!" Navrip said.

The others grimly agreed, but none knew how to face the onslaught of the balron below. A few waves of attack were made, but all

were defeated. The ghosts were given solid form again by the healers and everyone settled down to plan.

Finally, Merlin thought of something. Without explaining himself, he rushed down the stairs. The balron turned to chase him, but as Merlin rounded a corner, he cast a spell of invisibility about himself. The balron turned to slay him, but found an empty hallway. The thing looked about for his prey, but couldn't find it.

In the mean time, the others had retrieved the sword. The balron was drawn off by the sounds of other adventurers who meant to invade his new lair. Relieved, the other turned to limp their way out of the dungeon.

They were only moments away from the entrance, when a huge family of orcs, with several ettin cousins, descended upon them. Groaning at their luck, the group fought through the first group. The second group surrounded several of them, and had mages among their number. These brought several of the party low. The others were driven off when gargoyles came and split the group apart.

When the survivors were being counted, they noticed that none had the sword. Cursing their luck, they headed back down, prepared to find the blade. Merlin summoned a daemon, who waded into the packs of orcs and

ettins, slaying several
before it was brought
down by their mass.

To the horror of the
questors, the blade was
no where to be found. All
hope was lost until Merlin
casually announced, "I
found the sword." The
others stood in shock as
he produced the sword
from his pack. It was
indeed the sword from
the balron. "An orc had
looted it. Aparently, that
thing is bad luck.
Everyone who touches it
gets killed!"

The others agreed and
set sail back to Caina.
The sail was uneventful.
Finally, the boat landed on
the shores of Caina.
There, in the Chapel of
Desolaion, Navrip produced
the blade to a waiting
Aedrick. The old man was
wracked with coughs and
spasms, and leaned heavily
upon his cane.

"Yes, this is definitely
the sword!" the aging
mage said excitedly,
before being wracked with
coughs.

"Aye," Navrip hissed,
"now, where is our
payment?"

"Ah," Aderick said.
"Yes, you did a very
valiant job. Very worthy
of payment... once you
have retrieved the other
components of the spell,
of course."

Everyone was irate.
"What other
components?" Navrip
asked, after insults were
brandied about.

The old man suddenly

yawned. "You shall see
tomorrow. I am weary
from waiting for you and
must rest. Farewell."

The old man left, giving
only his word that he
would return on Sunday
at 10:00 PM, Caina
(Eastern) time.